



FEATURE

COMICS

QUAL
COMI
GROV

OCTOBER



THE DOLL MAN



RANCE KEANE



SAMAR



SPIN SHAW



OH, VINCENT—
DON'T TAKE ANY
SASS FROM THAT
PEDDLER!



No. 37 • 10c



WEB COMIC
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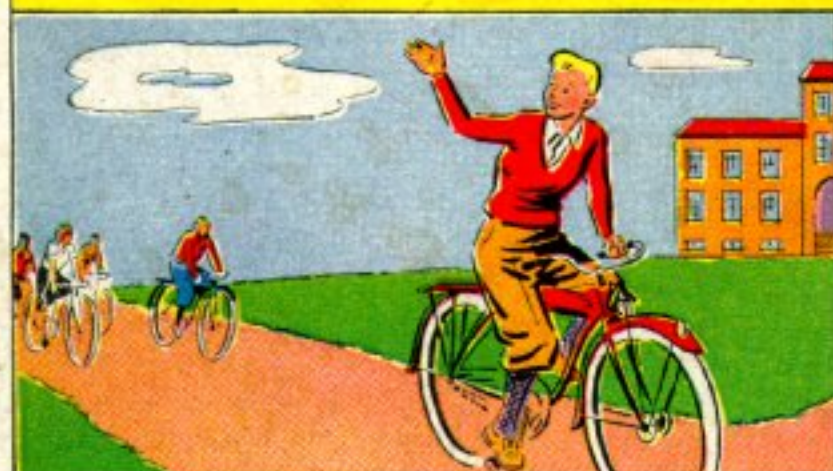
THE SUPER BIKE FOR SUPER BOYS!



I'm proud of my pal, Uncle Joe;
It's speed and strength we like.
That's why he runs a streamlined train
And I ride a Schwinn-Built bike.



My cousin Harry flies the mail;
His plane is always ready.
He says it's like my Schwinn-Built bike—
So fast and smooth and steady.



Away to school on my Schwinn I go,
Breezing ahead of the rest,
As president of the cycle club
I know what bike is best.



Off on my Schwinn for mother;
Picking up things for dad,
I'm the Minute Man of the family
And a strong and healthy lad.



Bring on all the bikes in the neighbor-
hood. Match them hub to hub. And
your Schwinn-Built bicycle will win
hands down every time.

Watch your friends' eyes pop when
you show them the Spring Fork that
changes riding to g-l-i-d-i-n-g . . . the
Fore Wheel Brake that brings you to
a full stop on a dime . . . the theft-
proof Cyclock . . . rear expander brake
. . . and many other *exclusive* Schwinn
features.

Then let the gang stand back and
admire the surging grace and super
strength of America's *finest* bicycle . . .
the bike that's waiting to whisk you
to happy, healthy outdoor adventure.

Make a date with dad to see the
new Schwinn bikes at your dealer.

Write today for illustrated, free Schwinn bike booklet

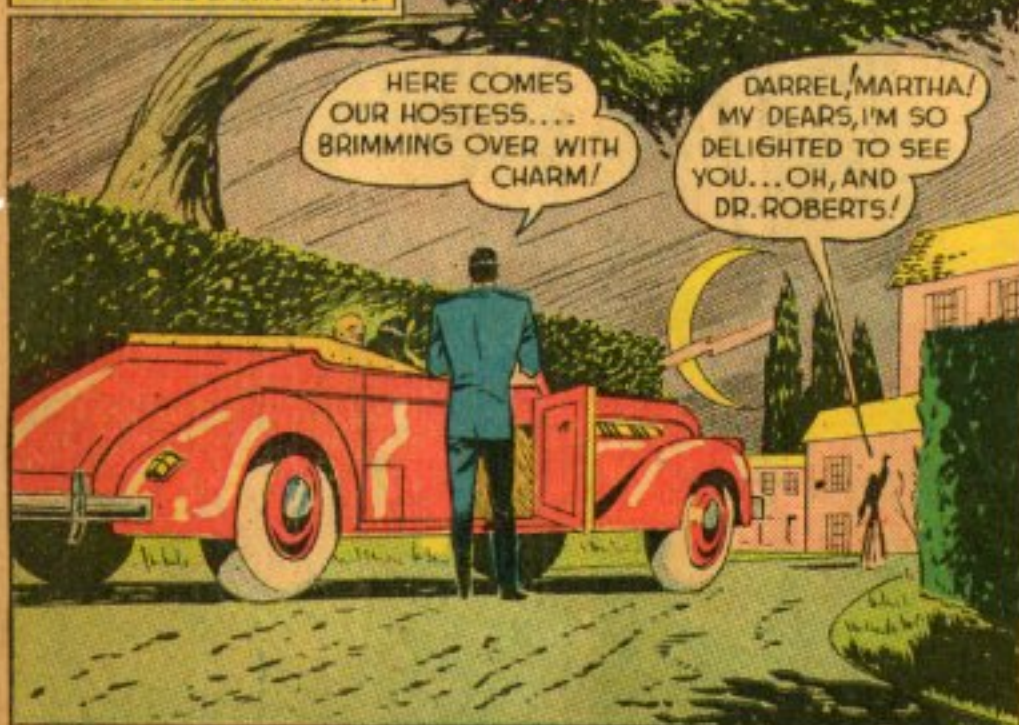
ARNOLD, SCHWINN & COMPANY

1729 KILDARE AVENUE

CHICAGO



DARREL DANE, MARTHA, AND DR. ROBERTS ARRIVE AT A FASHIONABLE LAWN PARTY.







AFTER THE PERFORMANCE, THE PUPPET MASTER PACKS HIS "CAST" AND HEADS FOR THE NEXT ESTATE... HIS HOME.....



WE HAVE DONE WELL TONIGHT, GIUSEPPE! WHAT A BEAUTIFUL JULIET SHE WILL MAKE!



THE VAN UNLOADS BEFORE A FORMIDABLE MANSION...



WE MUST WORK LATE TONIGHT TO PREPARE FOR TOMORROW'S PERFORMANCE!



HA! HA! HO HO HO! MY PRETTY HAS FAINTED!

WHEN MARTHA REVIVES.....



YOU ARE GOING TO JOIN MY CAST, MY LOVELY! YOU SHOULD BE HONORED FOR THE COMPANY IS NOTABLE AND TALENTED!

GIUSEPPE UNPACKS THE MARIONETTES



MACBETH, CYRANO, PIERROT, ST. JOAN... WHAT'S THIS?!



A NEW ONE! BOMBASTO HAS NOT TOLD ME OF THIS ONE...HMM...



GIUSEPPE, WHAT ARE YOU MUMBLING ABOUT? COME HERE! WE MUST BEGIN OUR WORK AT ONCE!

AND THE DOLL MAN IS FORGOTTEN AMONG THE OTHERS....



SOON THE GREAT
CAULDRON IS IN
READINESS. . . .



AH HA! HO/HO/soon
YOU WILL BE TRANSFORMED
FROM AN ORDINARY WOMAN
INTO A GLAMOROUS
LITTLE JULIET!



MY APRON,
GIUSEPPE!
AND MY
KNIFE!



IT WILL NOT HURT
FOR LONG, MY FAIR
ONE!

SUDDENLY, THE STRING SNAPS AND THE
DOLL MAN FLIES INTO ACTION. . . .



OH, NO YOU
DON'T, BOMBASTO!

LIKE A STICK OF TNT, THE DOLL MAN
STRIKES. . . .



BOMBASTO CRASHES TO THE HARD
FLOOR. . . .



ONE FOR YOU
TOO, GIUSEPPE!

HE QUICKLY
RELEASES
MARTHA. . . .



HURRY!

TOGETHER THEY
ESCAPE THE ROOM. . .



BOMBASTO SCREAMS IN RAGE. . .



GUARDS!

BUT BOMBASTO HAS MEN STATIONED TO COPE WITH SUCH AN EMERGENCY!



THEY DO NOT SEE THE LITTLE FIGURE WHO LEAPS INTO THE BATTLE....



MARTHA, OVERPOWERED, IS LED STRUGGLING BACK INTO THE GLOOMY HOUSE....



AT LAST, THE MEN SUCCEED IN CAPTURING THE DOLL MAN UNDER A MOUNTAIN OF HEAVY BODIES...



MEANWHILE, DR. ROBERTS TAKES A WALK....



A SCREAM! IT CAME FROM BOMBASTO'S PLACE!!



HE PARTS THE HEDGES AND CRAWLS THROUGH....



THE PLACE IS DARK, BUT I'M SURE I HEARD SOMEONE CRY!



I'LL TAKE A LOOK AROUND! HE WAS A QUEER DUCK! YOU NEVER CAN TELL!



FROM THE DARKNESS COMES AN URGENT WHISPER....





THE PUPPETEER TRAMPS THROUGH THE CORRIDOR, SINGING TO HIMSELF. . . .





MEANWHILE, GIUSEPPE PLANS HIS OWN MURDER... STEALTHILY HE APPROACHES MARTHA, WHO IS TIED UP IN A CHAIR...



HA/HA/ I TOO CAN KILL! MY HANDS ABOUT YOUR THROAT WILL END...

AT THAT MOMENT ROBERTS ENTERS...



THE SMOKE HARDLY CLEARS WHEN THE DOLL MAN LEAPS UPON HIS SHOULDER.



HE'S DEAD! HE WOULD HAVE KILLED HER!



NOW TO TAKE CARE OF MR. BOMBASTO!



HELLO, POLICE HEADQUARTERS? IF YOU'LL VISIT THE HOME OF MR. BOMBASTO, YOU MIGHT FIND A CRIMINAL!



SO! YOU'RE THE DOLL MAN! NOW I KNOW WHY CRIMINALS QUAKE AT THE MENTION OF YOUR NAME!



POOR BOMBASTO! BEATEN BY HIS OWN "PUCKET"!

BACK HOME....



MY GOODNESS! YOU MISSED IT ALL! THE POLICE ARRESTED MR. BOMBASTO! A D-DOLL MAN OR SOMEONE TIPPED THEM OFF! ISN'T IT THRILLING!

RANCE KEANE

BY
WILL ARTHUR

RANCE KEANE AND PEE WEE LEE HAVE BEEN IN NEW YORK CITY ABOUT 48 HOURS AND TROUBLE HAS ALREADY PICKED THEM OUT AS SPECIAL PALS... FOR INSTANCE, RANCE IS SITTING IN KIDD'S RESTAURANT, ONE OF A BIG CHAIN, WHEN SUDDENLY HIS COMPANION, PROFESSOR ENGLISH LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND STARTS THROWING CROCKERY THROUGH THE PLATE GLASS WINDOWS.....



WAITERS POUNCE ON THE PROFESSOR.... AFTER HE'S SMASHED EVERY WINDOW IN THE PLACE!

I MUST SEE THE MANAGER OF THESE RESTAURANTS AT ONCE.....!

DON'T WORRY... YOU'LL SEE HIM RIGHT NOW!



WHAT'S ALL THE RACKET ABOUT?

MANAGER

THIS MAN HAS WRECKED THE PLACE, MR. TALBUT!



WELL, SIR, I'VE SENT THE HEAD-WAITER AWAY-AS YOU REQUESTED. NOW, HOW DO YOU PROPOSE TO EXPLAIN YOUR CONDUCT?



THE HEAD WAITER LOOKS QUICKLY ABOUT TO SEE HE'S NOT WATCHED, THEN RETURNS TO THE DOOR TO EAVESDROP!



I CAN TELL YOU SOMETHING ABOUT YOURSELF NOW WE'RE ALONE! YOU WERE APPROACHED BY A MASKED MAN NOT LONG AGO. HE DEMANDED "PROTECTION MONEY" FROM YOUR CHAIN OF RESTAURANTS. YOU REFUSED HIM!

GREAT SCOTT, HOW DID YOU KNOW?



...IF I HADN'T BROKEN ALL YOUR WINDOWS, EVERYONE IN THE PLACE WOULD'VE BEEN STRUCK DOWN BY A PESTILENCE SO DEADLY THAT 99 OUT OF 100 OF THEM WOULD'VE DIED IN FIVE MINUTES!

HORRIBLE! I SHALL REPORT TO THE POLICE AT ONCE!



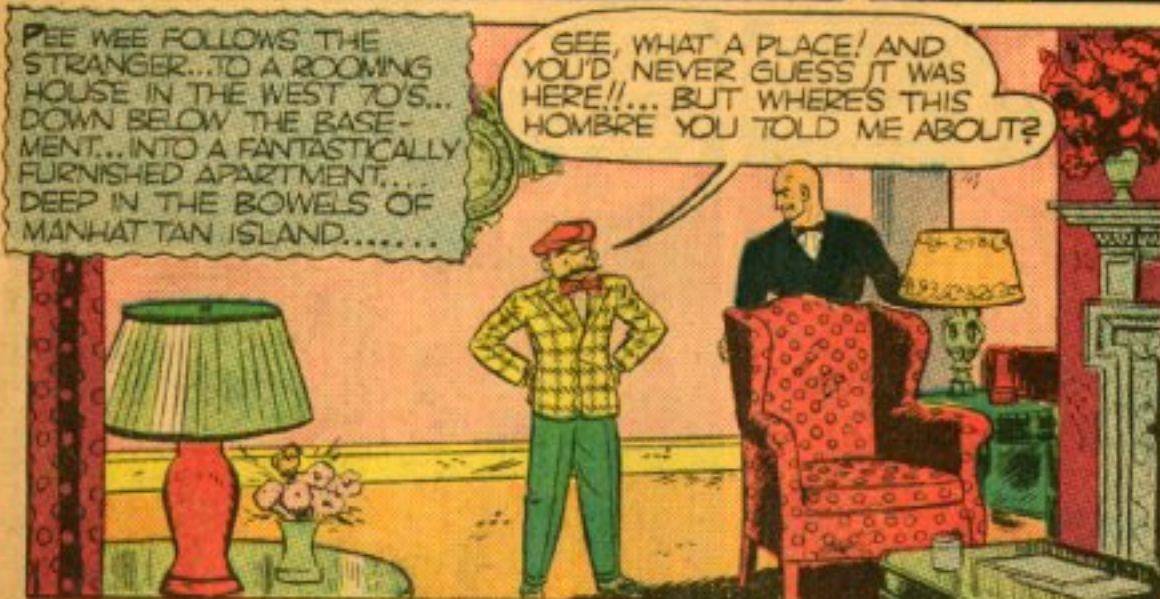
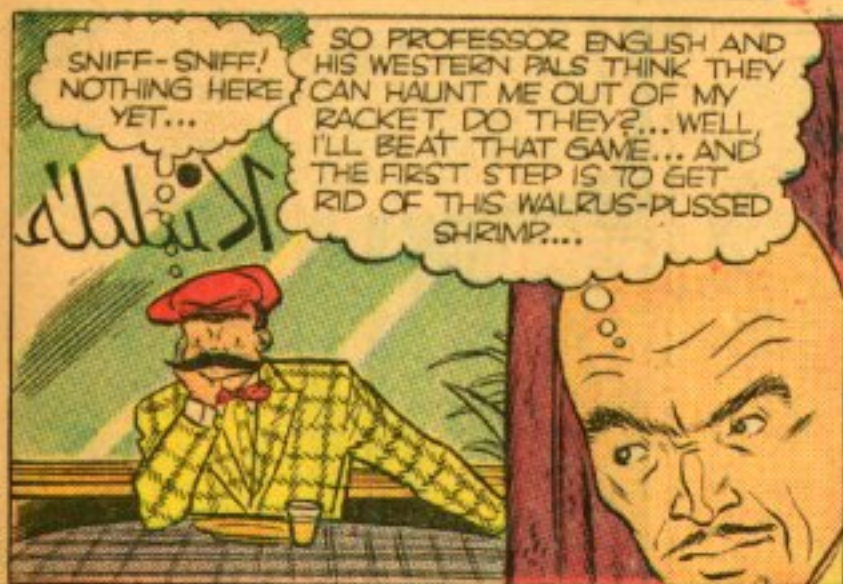
YOU CAN'T DO THAT. IT WOULD RUIN ME... BECAUSE I INVENTED AND MADE THE PESTILENTIAL VAPOR THAT CROOK IS THREATENING YOU WITH!

HE'S RIGHT, SIR. THAT'S HOW PROFESSOR ENGLISH KNOWS ABOUT THE MASKED MAN, YOU SEE!

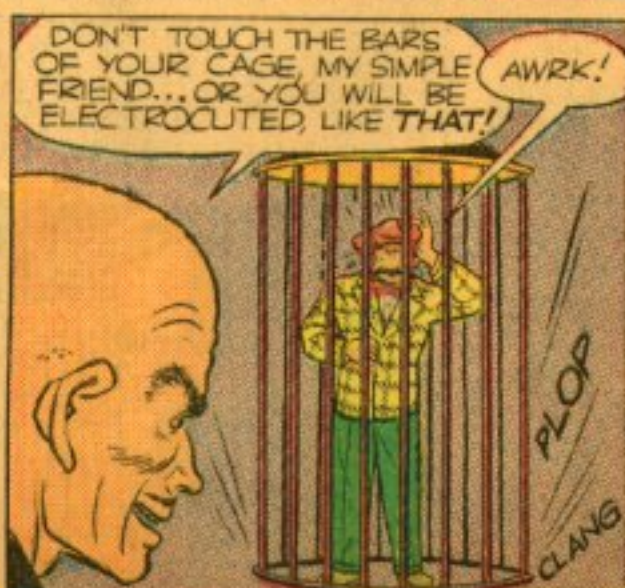


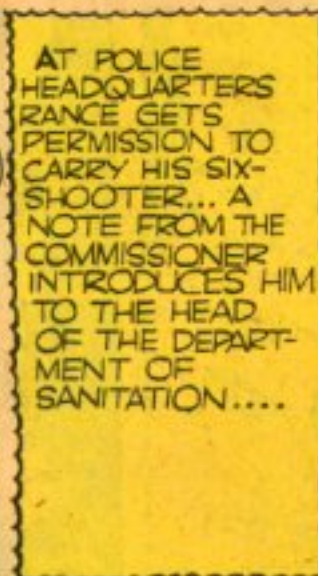
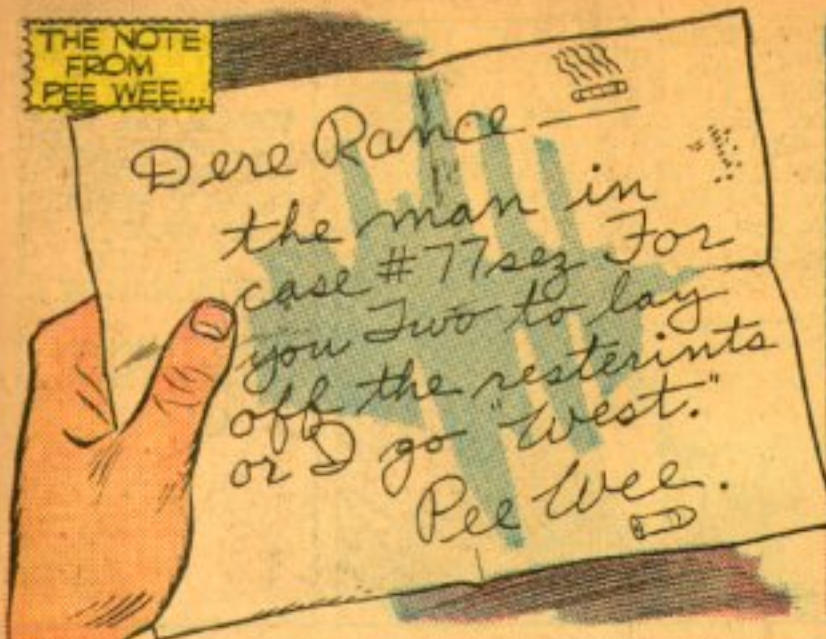


RANCE PEE WEE
LOLA PRITCHARD
AND THE PRO-
FESSOR BEGIN
THEIR PATROL
OF THE KIDD
RESTAURANTS...
LESS THAN AN
HOUR LATER....



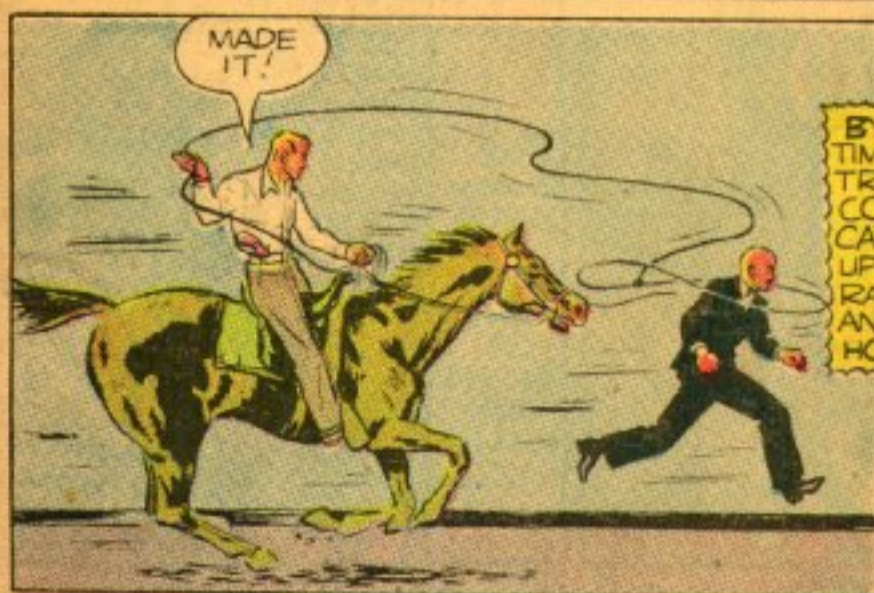
THE STRANGER
PRESSES A
LEVER IN THE
WALL. A
BIG CAGE
CRASHES DOWN
OVER PEE WEE'S
HEAD.....



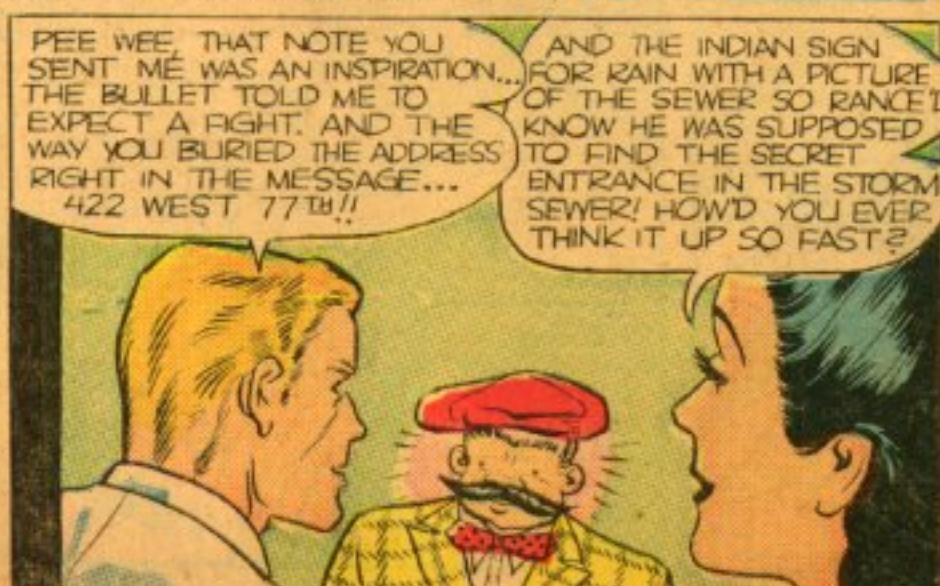




BEFORE RANCE CAN SWING HIS GUN AROUND, THE RACKETEER SLIPS THROUGH THE PANELLED WALL AT HIS BACK AND DISAPPEARS.... RANCE POUNCES AFTER HIM LIKE A TIGER.....



AND THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT UNTIL RANCE, PEE WEE, LOLA, AND PROFESSOR ENGLISH GET TOGETHER IN THE SECRET CHAMBER WHERE PEE WEE NEARLY MET HIS END....



POISON IVY

by GILBERT THEODORE

THE MIGHTY MITE

POISON HAS JUST FINISHED BUILDING THE SMALLEST, FASTEST FIGHTING PLANE IN THE WORLD!



THE BLACK WOLF LET'S GO A BURST OF MACHINE GUN BULLETS!





POISON'S FINE
MARKSMANSHIP
DOES THE
TRICK..

OH-H!!

RI-IP!



I HOPE HE
REMEMBERS TO USE
HIS PARACHUTE!



AH! THERE'S TH'
FACTORY OF MR. GUNN
..WHO SUPPLIES
BOTH SIDES WITH
AMMUNITION!



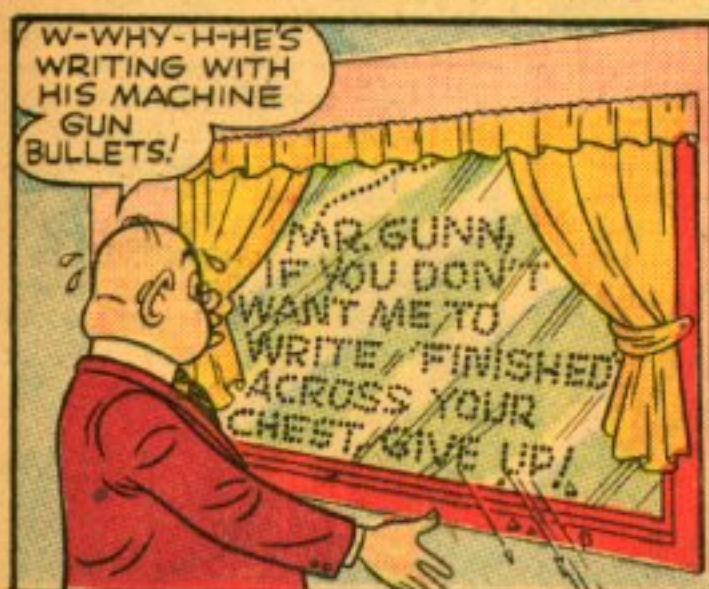
OH, MR. GUNN, THERE'S
A STRANGE PLANE
CIRCLING OVER
OUR BUILDINGS!



WHAT?! ORDER
MY ANTI-AIRCRAFT
GUNS TO OPEN FIRE,
IMMEDIATELY!



POISON GOES INTO
A POWER-DIVE AND
HIS MACHINE GUN
BEGINS TO
CHATTER



W-WHY-H-HE'S
WRITING WITH
HIS MACHINE
GUN
BULLETS!

MR. GUNN,
IF YOU DON'T
WANT ME TO
WRITE 'FINISHED'
ACROSS YOUR
CHEST, GIVE UP!



WHEW! I-I B-BETTER
GIVE UP MUNITIONS
MAKING AND GO...
BEFORE HE STARTS
SCRIBBLING
ON ME!



A SHORT WHILE
LATER..

O.K. MR. SECRETARY,
I'M IN CHARGE NOW
... FIRST, THROW ALL
YOUR MUNITIONS IN
THE RIVER...



THEN RUN OUT AND GET
ME ALL THE FLOUR,
SUGAR AND CREAM YOU
CAN BUY... FROM NOW
ON, WE'RE TAKIN' THE
HORROR OUT OF WAR
BY MAKIN' CREAM PUFF
AMMUNITION!

YES,
SIR!



A WEEK
LATER...
POISON IS
BRINGING
A FRESH
LOAD OF
CREAM
PUFF
AMMUNITION
TO THE
FRONT,
WHEN...



THEY GOT ME!
AND WITH A
SOUR
CREAM
PUFF!



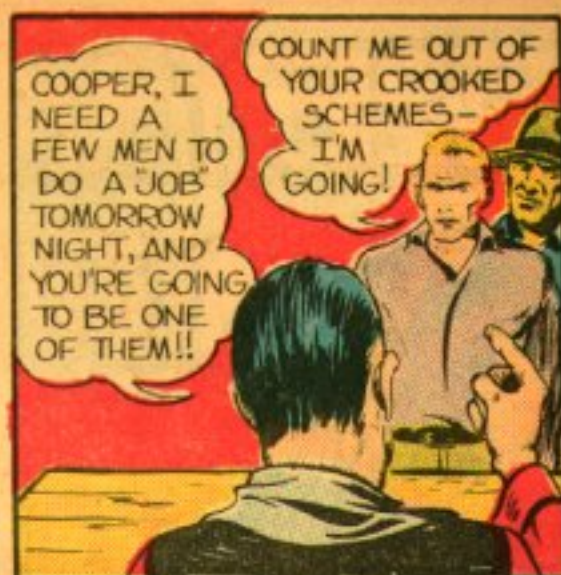
OKAY! JUS' FOR THAT I WON'T
STOP THE WAR! I WAS HUNGRY
WHEN THAT SOUR BULLET HIT
ME..AN' ACCORDING TO TH' NEW
RULES, TO HIT A HUNGRY
MAN WITH A SOUR CREAM
PUFF IS AS BAD AS
USIN' POISON
GAS!!

REYNOLDS OF THE MOUNTED

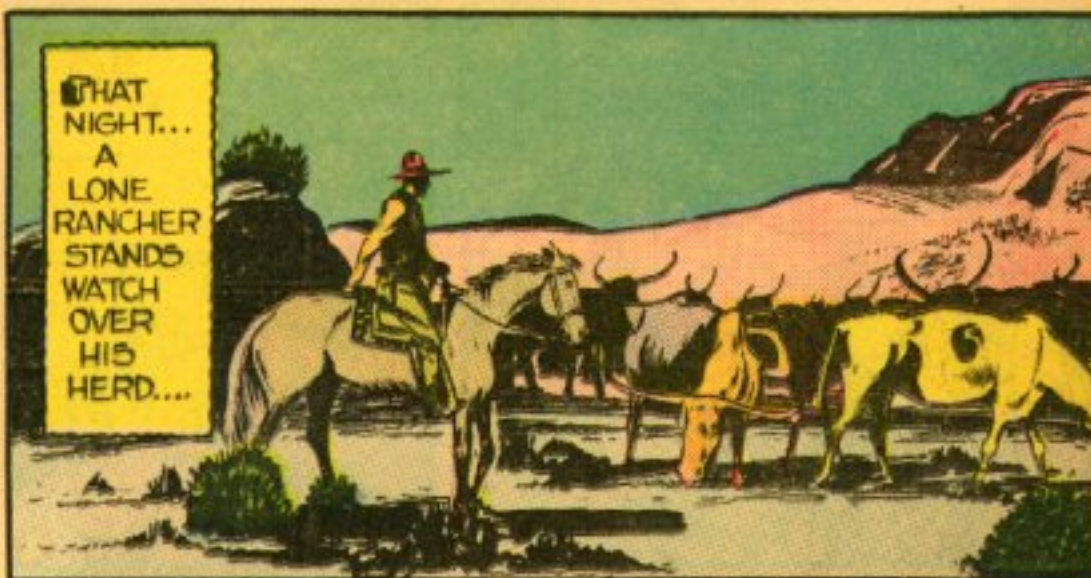
ON THE MOVIE SET OF "CALL OF THE NORTH," A PRODUCTION BEING FILMED BY PIONEER FILMS, SERGEANT REYNOLDS IS TALKING WITH HIS FRIEND BILL COOPER, ONE OF THE EXTRAS...

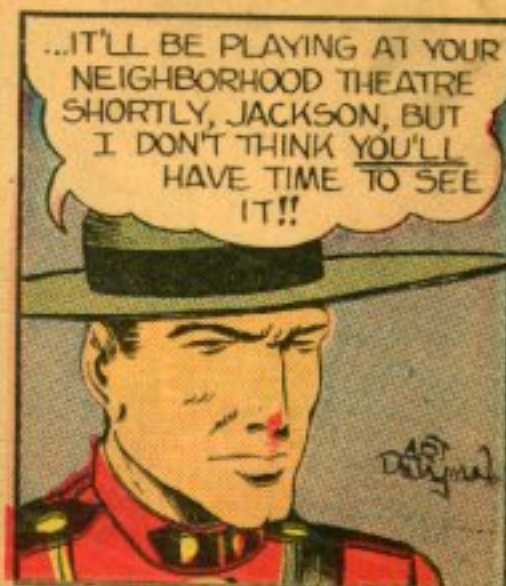
ART DINGMAN











Another, fast moving episode of Reynolds Of The Mounted in the November issue.



ZERO

GHOST DETECTIVE

by Noel Fowler

MUTINY ON A GHOSTLY GALLEON BREAKS THE SPELL OF ANCIENT PIRATE TREASURE

HELP! OH, SAVE ME!



A BEAUTIFUL GIRL, SCREAMING AND TREMBLING LIKE A LEAF, IS LED TO ZERO'S DOOR.

CALM DOWN, SHEILA DARLING... YOU'RE ALL RIGHT! I'M WITH YOU... WE'LL SOON HAVE HELP!

OH! OH! OH!



ZERO RUSHES TO THE HYSTERIC-AL GIRL'S SIDE...

IS SHE HURT?

NO, SIR, BUT SHE HAS BEEN BADLY SHOCKED!



HERE YOU ARE. YOU'LL FEEL BETTER WHEN YOU DRINK THIS!

SHE WAS RUNNING SCREAMING ACROSS THE BEACH WHEN I FOUND HER!



SOON SHE REVIVES ENOUGH TO TELL HER STORY...

I WAS CLIMBING THE REEFS NEAR THE OLD WRECK, WHEN I SAW SOMETHING COMING TOWARD ME... IT WAS A... OH, I CAN'T REMEMBER!

WE SHALL GO AND SEE FOR OURSELVES!



THE ANCIENT FRIGATE "FLYING SKULL", WRECKED MANY YEARS AGO, LIES ON A ROCKY REEF.



LEAVING SHEILA ON THE ROCKS, ZERO AND HER FIANCE, DON, WADE OUT TO THE WEATHER-BEATEN HULK...



IF THERE'S ANYTHING SUPERNATURAL ABOUT THIS, WE SHOULD FIND IT AROUND THIS OLD WRECK!

YES, THERE'S A LEGEND THAT IT'S A PIRATE SHIP!



SUDDENLY A SCREAM REACHES THEM FROM SHORE...



IT'S SHEILA!

WHO? WHO IS SHE STRUGGLING WITH?

IT'S THE GHOST OF AN OLD PIRATE!



AN EERIE FLAPPING SOUND COMES FROM THE SHIP....

LOOK, ZERO! THE SHIP... IT'S IN FULL SAIL... ONLY YOU CAN SEE RIGHT THROUGH IT!



HE'S ROWING HER OUT TO THE FLYING SKULL!



COME ON! I'VE GOT TO SAVE HER... GHOST OR NO GHOST!

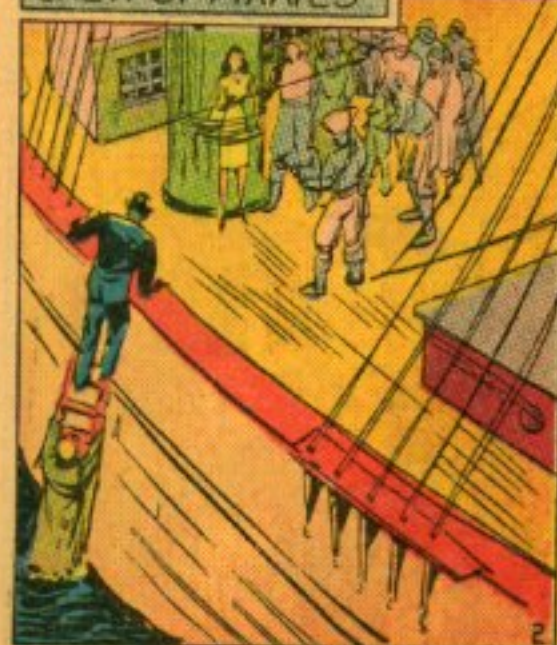
EASY NOW! VIOLENCE WON'T HELP YOU HERE!



THE TWO MEN FOLLOW THE DORY TO THE PHANTOM SHIP.



CLIMBING ABOARD, THEY SOON DISCOVER SHEILA BOUND TO A MAST, SURROUNDED BY A CREW OF PIRATES



THE GHOSTLY BRIGANDS MUMBLE ANGRILY ABOUT THE GIRL.

WE CAN'T SAIL WITH HER ABOARD!
SHE KNOWS TOO MUCH ABOUT THE GOLD. TOSS HER TO THE SHARKS!



SHEILA, COME WITH ME! YOU ARE FREE. THOSE BINDINGS ARE NOT REAL. JUST STEP AWAY FROM THE MAST!



NO! NO!

I CANNOT MOVE MY HANDS! I AM A CAPTIVE HERE! THEY WILL KILL ME!



SHE IS PARALYZED BY THE SPELL OF THE HALLUCINATION, BUT I HAVE A PLAN!

A PLAN? I WANT ACTION! I'LL FREE HER MYSELF!



FRANTIC WITH FEAR AND ANGER, DON TURNS ON THE PIRATE CHIEF, BUT...

WAIT A MINUTE, DON! THERE'S NOTHING THERE!



ER...UH, GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT!

HA! HA! NOW LET ME HANDLE THIS!



BY A DEVICE KNOWN ONLY TO HIM, ZERO IS ABLE TO THROW HIS VOICE INTO THE PAST, AND THROUGH THE MOUTH OF THE PIRATE CHIEF...

I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. THE GIRL WILL MAKE THE TRIP WITH US! HER FAIR FACE PLEASES ME!



AS ZERO HAD PLANNED, THE PIRATE CREW FLARES UP IN ANGER.

SHE'S A JONAH!

QUIET, YOU BLACK SWABS! YOU OBEY ME ON THIS SHIP, OR...



OR WHAT? AND IF WE REFUSE TO RISK OUR LIVES WITH THIS WOMAN ABOARD? WHAT THEN?



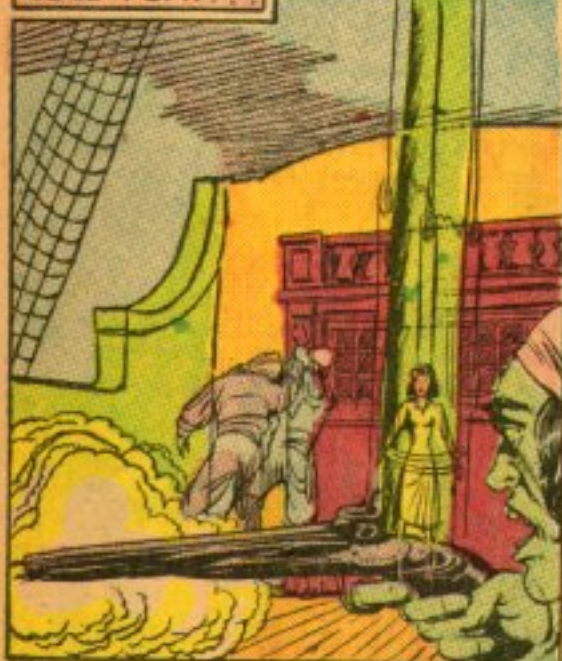
YOU'LL CALL IT MUTINY!
WELL, WE REFUSE!
**AFTER HIM,
MEN!**



THE APPARITIONS SWARM ACROSS THE DECK IN
HEATED BATTLE. THE BLOOD OF DEAD MEN
FLOWS ONCE MORE.



THE LEADER OF THE MUTINEERS
FALLS UPON HIS CAPTAIN IN
COLD FURY.



A STEEL BLADE PLUNGES INTO
THE PIRATE'S THROAT. HIS
GHOSTLY CRY SHRILLS TO THE
TOPSAIL.



AND NOW,
MY BEAUTY,
YOU MUST
LEAVE THE
SHIP BY
PLANK!

OH!
NO!
NO!



BUT FIRST,
A KISS!

HELP!



YOU CAN SAVE HER
FROM THAT. DON.
JUST CARRY
HER ACROSS!



HURRIEDLY, THE LIVING TRIO
LEAVES THE FLYING SKULL
AND PUTS TO SHORE.





SPIN SHAW

OF THE NAVAL AIR CORPS

BY REX SMITH

AFTER SUCCESSFULLY BREAKING UP A SABOTAGE RING IN SOUTH AMERICA, SPIN SHAW RETURNS TO THE STATES A FETED HERO . . .

INVITED BY BETTY TOLLIVER TO A HOUSE PARTY ON LONG ISLAND, SPIN AND HIS ROOMMATE "PEP" TEPPER ENTRAIN.



WHY DIDN'T YOU WANT TO COME, SPIN?

YOU KNOW HOW I DISLIKE PARTIES!

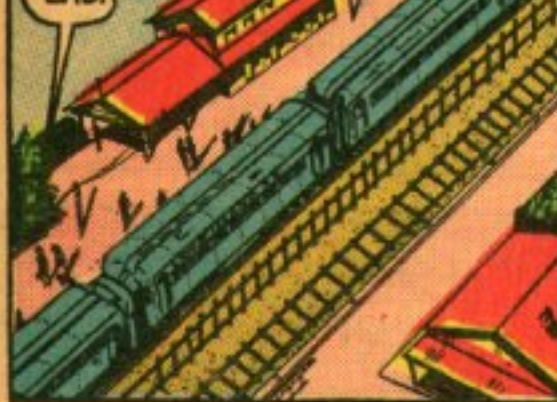


IT'LL BE NICE SEEING BETTY AGAIN, BUT I WOULDN'T GIVE TWO CENTS FOR THE REST OF THAT GANG!

WILLISTON PARK!



WELL, HERE WE ARE, ALL SET FOR A NICE, DULL, QUIET WEEK-END!



MISS TOLLIVER'S CAR IS WAITING, SIR.

CHAMPAGNE, CHAUFFEURS, AND CHIFFON? ALSO NUTS! COME ON, PEP!



THAT NIGHT, SPIN DANCES WITH HIS PRETTY HOSTESS.

I HEAR YOU HAVE A NEW PLANE, BETTY.

YOU SHOULD SEE IT, SPIN...OH.... LET'S TAKE A RIDE TO ROOSEVELT FIELD AND I'LL SHOW IT TO YOU!



AH! GOOD EVENING, MISS TOLLIVER! GOING FOR A RIDE?

WHY, ER, YES. I'M GOING TO SHOW CAPTAIN SHAW MY NEW PLANE, COUNT VASLAV.



YOUR NEW PLANE? MIND IF I GO ALONG? I AM SO INTERESTED IN AVIATION YOU KNOW.

ER-NO, NOT AT ALL!



IT IS A WARM NIGHT, ISN'T IT? TELL ME, HAVEN'T YOU YOUR OWN PRIVATE FIELD?

YES, BUT THE PLANE WON'T BE DELIVERED UNTIL TOMORROW MORNING.









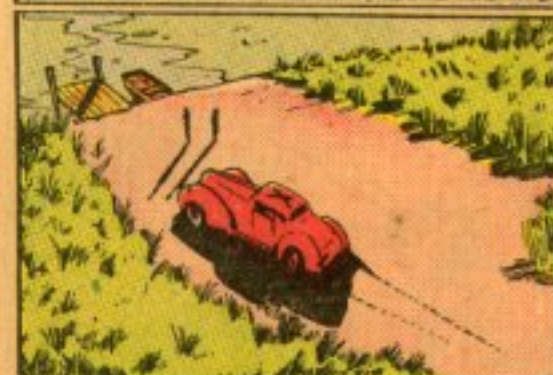
HELPLESS, THE POLICE AND TOLLIVER WATCH VASLAV DRIVE AWAY IN HIS SLEEK COUPE.



HIGH ABOVE, SPIN AND PEP CIRCLE IN BETTY'S NEW PLANE.



TURNING DOWN A DESERTED SIDE ROAD, THE COUNT PULLS UP TO A SMALL DOCK ON ONE SIDE OF THE NUMEROUS CHANNELS AROUND LONG BEACH, LONG ISLAND.



CUTTING THE MOTOR, SPIN EXPERTLY GUIDES THE SHIP DOWN IN A DEAD STICK LANDING.



WHEW! MADE IT! IF THEY DIDN'T SEE US WE MAY HAVE A CHANCE!



AU REVOIR, MY FAIR ONE. WE WILL WIRE YOUR WHEREABOUTS FROM THE SHIP, WHEN WE GET OUTSIDE THE POLICE ZONE.



ONCE WE'RE PAST THE THREE MILE LIMIT, WE'LL BE SAFE AND....

YOU'LL NEVER GET OUTSIDE THE LIMIT, COUNT. PUT UP YOUR HANDS!



PEP! SPIN!

HOW DID YOU FIND THIS PLACE?

BY SIMPLY FOLLOWING YOUR CAR IN OUR PLANE.



UNKNOWN TO SPIN, A THIRD THUG STEALS UP BEHIND THEM.



LOOK OUT, SPIN!



AS SPIN AND PEP STUMBLE OFF BALANCE, THE KIDNAPPERS RUSH AT THEM AND KNOCK THEM OUT.



LEMME PUT A SLUG IN 'EM, CHIEF!

NO TIME. GRAB THEIR HELMETS. WE'LL FLY TO CANADA!

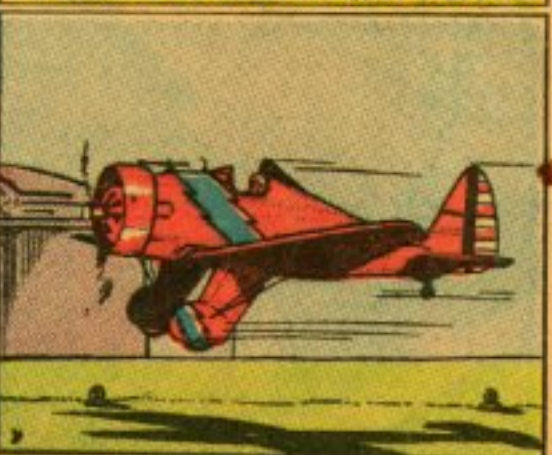


A FEW MINUTES LATER.

SPIN! SPIN! HURRY! THEY'VE TAKEN THE PLANE TO CANADA! DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME. PEP WILL SET ME FREE!

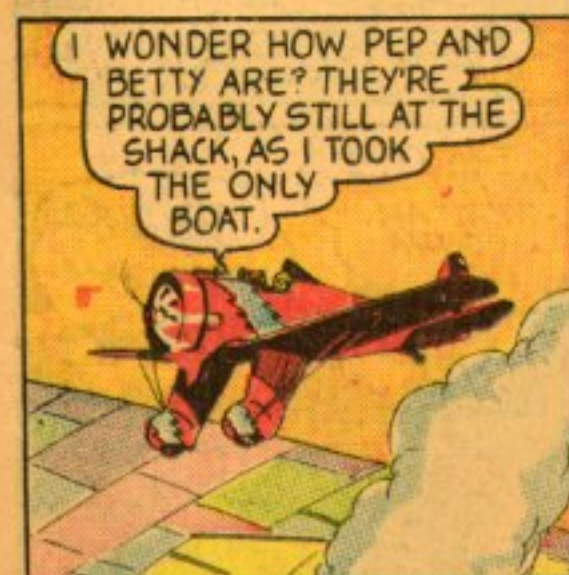


QUICKLY ROWING ACROSS THE BAY, SPIN HAILS A RIDE TO THE AIRPORT FROM A PASSING CAR. HERE HE BORROWS A FAST ARMY PLANE.



THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, SPIN SPEEDS TOWARD CANADA IN A WILD HOPE OF OVERTAKING THE THIEVES.





Follow Spin Shaw in the November issue of **FEATURE COMICS**—on sale September 25th.

LALA PALOOZA



LALA PALOOZA



CHOWDER PARTY
PILSNER GROVE
ALL YOU CAN
EAT AND DRINK
\$2.00 PER

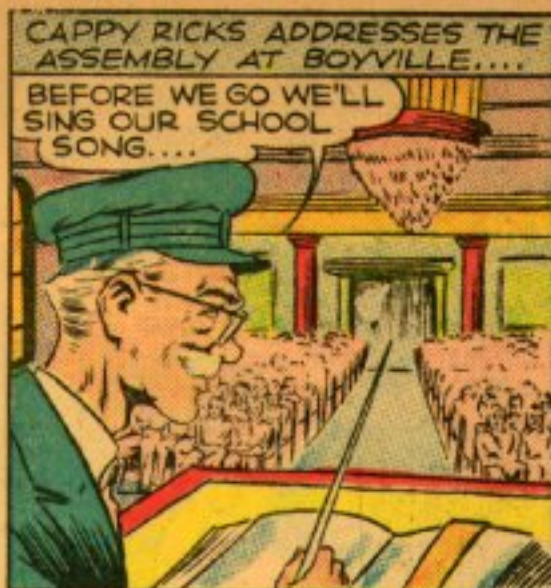


Enjoy Lala Palooza and Vincent in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

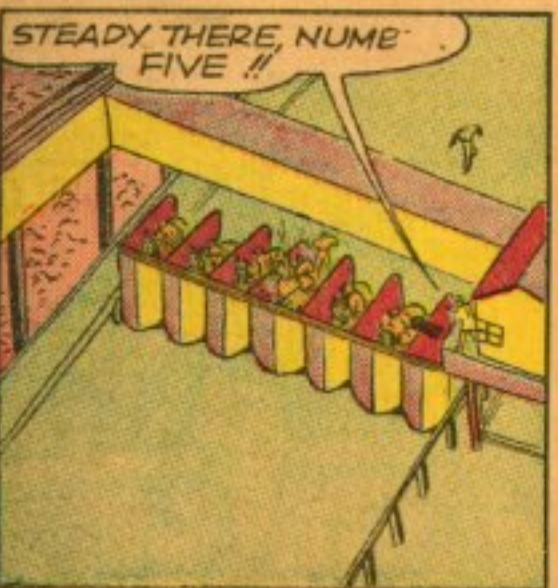
Rusty Ryan

OF BOYVILLE

by Paul Gustavson









Another absorbing adventure of Rusty Ryan in the November issue of FEATURE COMICS.

HAVE a LAUGH

"QUICK, POLICE!
THERE'S BEEN A
MURDER HERE!"



"HE GOT
A FLAT!"



"I WONDER WHY
THESE DRIVERS
LOOK SO CONFUSED?"

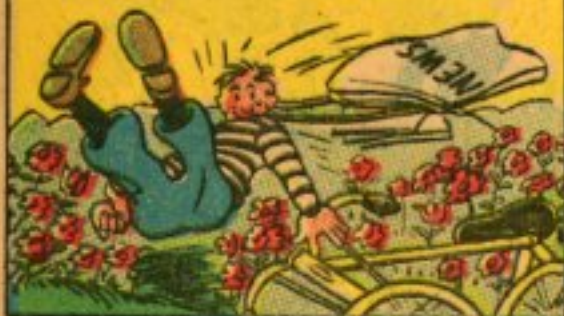


"GEE, OFFICER—
AIN'T IT AWFUL
THE WAY MEN
FOLLOW ME?"



HOW A BRAND-NEW BIKE CAME TO "NEWSY" MIKE

A KID WHO WAS NAMED MICHAEL NABERS,
RODE HIS BIKE WHEN DELIVERING PAPERS.
WHEN HE WANTED TO STOP,
HE WOULD FREQUENTLY FLOP—
THOUGH HE HAD A FEW OTHER CHOICE CAPERS!



MIKE'S BIKE REALLY RATED A PENSION,
SINCE IT HADN'T A BRAKE FIT TO MENTION.
BUT HIS FOOT ON THE WHEEL,
WITH A SCRAPE AND A SQUEAL,
MADE HIM STOP-LIKE A ROCKET ASCENSION!



CAN YOU BLAME US GROWN-UPS WHO GOT NERVOUS,
AT MIKE'S MOST ASTONISHING SERVICE?
WHY OUR TREES, AND OUR POSTS,
WOULD STOP MOST OF HIS COASTS,
WITH CRASHES THAT GREATLY UN-NERVED US!



MIKE'S DAD, WHEN HE HEARD OF THIS RUCTION,
"PHONED THE BIKE-STORE THIS RED-HOT INSTRUCTION:
"RUSH OUT A NEW BIKE—
"ANY GOOD MAKE YOU LIKE—
"ONLY, HURRY, BEFORE MIKE'S DESTRUCTION!"



"AND MAKE SURE THAT ITS BRAKE IS A MORROW,
"OR I'LL SEND IT RIGHT BACK, TO YOUR SORROW!
"THE MORROW'S BROUGHT JOY,
"SINCE WHEN I WAS A BOY—
"BEST BRAKE YOU CAN BUY, BEG, OR BORROW!"



Famous for 40 years! Quick stopping, easy ped-
aling, long coasting; more ball bearings (31) than
any other brake. Made by Bendix, world's fore-
most auto brake builder. Your dealer can furnish
MORROW Coaster Brake
on any bike—ask for it.



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION
BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION
Eclipse, New York

FEATURE COMICS is the "tops" in monthly comic magazines.

**TAP
TRAP!**

Captain Bruce Blackburn COUNTERSPY

BY
HARRY
FRANCIS
CAMPBELL

CAPTAIN BRUCE
BLACKBURN AND LIEUTENANT JACKSON
OF THE AMERICAN MILITARY INTELLIGENCE,
HAVE BEEN MADE TO RESEMBLE TWINS BY
PLASTIC SURGERY—THUS THEY WAR ON SPIES.

IN THE SECRET EXPERIMENTAL
LABORATORIES OF THE ARMY

THIS IS IT! THE WORLD'S
MOST **POWERFUL**
EXPLOSIVE! AND THE
SAFEST,
CHASE!



THE TESTS OF THE NEW
EXPLOSIVE WILL BE ON THE
7TH BUT, CHASE, ONLY **YOU**
AND I KNOW THAT!

O.K.
COLONEL
JORDAN!



AT MILITARY INTELLIGENCE

AS I TOLD YOU, SIR, THIS
MESSAGE WAS FOUND
ON A SPY!

INCREDIBLE!
A CASE FOR
MY **ACE**
AGENT!



THE NEXT DAY

15 MINUTES LATER, IN THE SHOP
THAT MASKS BRUCE'S ACTIVITIES

BRUCE, I~ HOLD IT,
COLONEL!



HAVE YOU ANY CLOISONÉ~

SORRY, MISS,
WE DON'T.



JUST A **MINUTE**, MISS, YOU
TOOK THE **WRONG** PORTFOLIO.

WHY~WHY,
HOW **STUPID**
OF ME!



IT **MIGHT** HAVE BEEN AN
ACCIDENT, COLONEL, STILL
I'D BETTER HAVE GURK
SHADOW HER. **SERGEANT!**
FOLLOW THAT GIRL WHO
JUST LEFT HERE.

RIGHT, SIR.



NOW, WHAT'S THE TROUBLE
COLONEL?

BRUCE, ONLY
CHASE AND I KNEW
THE DATE OF THE
TESTS ON OUR
NEW EXPLOSIVE~
YET **THE**
SPIES HAVE
THE
DATE!



YOU AND THE CHIEF OF
RESEARCH, HUH? WHAT
DO YOU WANT **ME** TO DO?

LOCATE AND
PLUG THAT
LEAK!



SO~THE GIRL'S LOUISE
LOVELY, DANCER AT THE
CLUB MADELO~NOW GURK,
I WANT YOU TO **TAIL**
COLONEL JORDAN!

TAIL THE
COLONEL?
WHY?~ I
MEAN...
YES SIR!



AFTER COLONEL JORDAN LEFT

THAT NIGHT, DISGUISED WITH A FALSE MUSTACHE, BRUCE TRAILS CHASE.

IT'S EITHER CHASE OR JORDAN THAT'S SPILLING SECRETS! HERE'S CHASE NOW.



FOLLOW THAT CAB!



IS THIS A COINCIDENCE?



THE TRAIL LEADS TO CLUB MADELON

CHASE HAS BEEN HERE 2 HOURS, AND HASN'T SPOKEN TO A SOUL!



INSIDE THE CLUB

IT'S THE GIRL WHO WAS IN THE SHOP ALL RIGHT!



FINALLY, THE FLOOR SHOW BEGINS...

AND NOW, THAT LOVELY TAP DANCER ~ LOUISE LOVELY!



THE HIGH POINT OF HER ACT IS TAPS WITHOUT MUSIC



THERE GOES CHASE!



AS THE SHOW ENDS...

THIS IS GETTING HOT! LOVELY WAS WAITING FOR HIM!



IT'S HER APARTMENT THEY WENT TO ~ 8B. I GUESS THAT'S ALL FOR TONIGHT.



BRUCE TRAILS THEM

2

COLONEL, HAVE LOUISE LOVELY'S PHONE TAPPED, HER MAIL WATCHED, AND HAVE HER TAILED! ...YES... I THINK I HAVE SOMETHING!



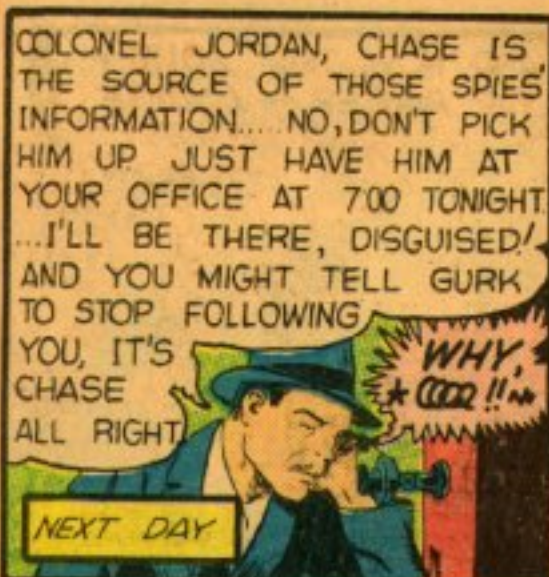
NEXT DAY

SO 8C IS VACANT? I'LL TAKE IT FOR A MONTH!



IT'S NEXT TO THE DANCER'S

AT THE APARTMENT HOUSE



I WONDER IF THOSE FOREIGNERS LEAVING NOW, ARE THE GUYS THAT PICK UP THOSE MESSAGES?



AS BRUCE FOLLOWS CHASE AND THE DANCER FROM THE CLUB....

I SAW HIM WRITING. HE MAY BE WISE! FOLLOW HIM, ANTON!



THEY'RE INSIDE ALL RIGHT. NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS PHONE JORDAN TO MAKE THE RAID!



AS BRUCE LISTENS OUTSIDE THE DANCER'S SUITE...

PUT UP YOUR HANDS, MY FRIEND!

I'M GETTING CARELESS...



LOUISE, THIS IS ANTON! LET ME IN ~



WHO IS THIS?

AN AMERICAN **SPY**, PROBABLY! HE WAS AT THE CLUB, AND FOLLOWED YOU HOME!



SEARCH HIM, LOUISE!



AN AUTOMATIC ~ AND WHAT'S THIS PAPER ~ "THE 7TH. IS STILL THE DATE." HE **KNOWS**. WE MUST **SILENCE** HIM SOMEHOW!

ONE "**BANG**" EH, LOUISE?



LET ME TRY! LOOK, YOU! LOOK IN MY EYES ~ LOOK DEEP, AND TELL ME WHAT YOU SEE!

TWO LOVELY BABY BLUE "LAMPS," DARLING ~



I'M NOT A DOPE THAT GETS HYPNOTIZED AS EASILY AS **CHASE**!

SEE, LOUISE? IT'S **BANG, BANG!**



I'D BETTER CALL OTTO AND GET HIM OVER HERE!

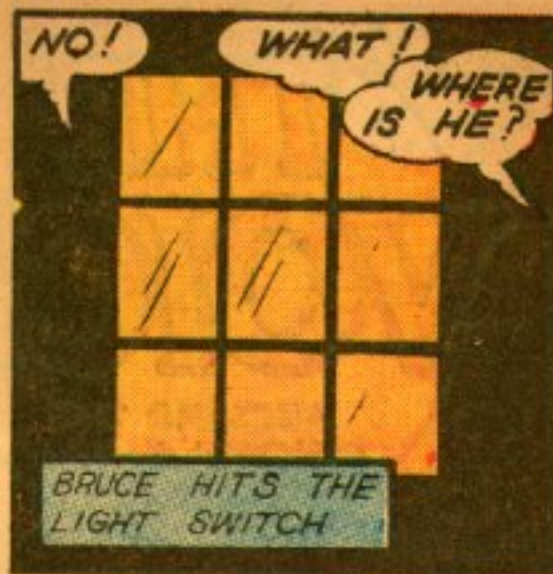
IT'LL BE JUST LIKE OLD HOME WEEK!



OTTO, AN AMERICAN SPY IS WISE. ANTON AND I HAVE HIM HERE. WE MUST GET RID OF HIM! COME OVER!

PERFECT!

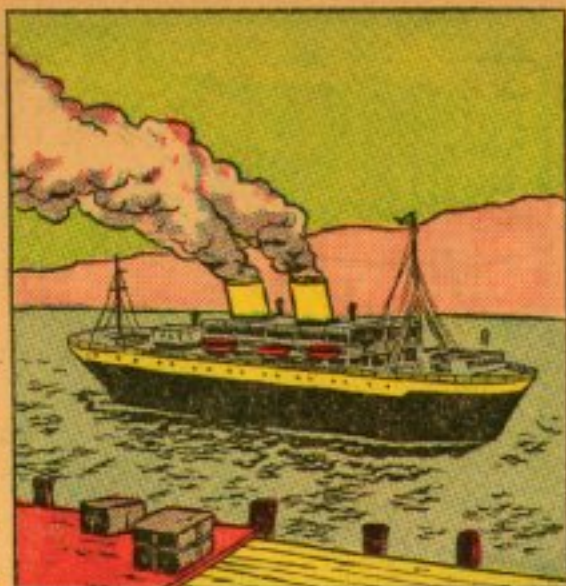




"THE VOICE"

ABOARD THE GHOST SHIP..

IT IS MIDNIGHT AS THE LINER SANTA DIOSA LEAVES NEW YORK HARBOR WITH A LIST OF DISTINGUISHED PASSENGERS



IN STATEROOM NUMBER 13 A PASSENGER STANDS BEFORE A WASHBOWL...



HELP!!



TWO OFFICERS DASH INTO THE CABIN AND...

HIS PASSPORT SHOWS HE'S GERALD CARDER, A JEWEL MERCHANT

--AND DEAD!



THE SHIP'S DOCTOR IS CALLED IN.

THERE'S NO TRACE OF WHATEVER CAUSED HIS DEATH-EXCEPT A FAINT EVIDENCE OF ELECTRIC SHOCK !!



ALSO ABOARD IS THE PICTURESQUE MR. ELIXIR, ALIAS "THE VOICE" AND ENEMY OF CRIME AND EVIL.

WORD OF THE MYSTERIOUS DEATH SPREADS THROUGHOUT THE SHIP...

STRANGE PART IS, NO ONE CAN FIGURE OUT HOW IT WAS DONE!

OHH-I WISH I WEREN'T ABOARD!

SOUNDS LIKE A GHOST MURDER FROM FICTION!



YES--THAT'S IT! ONE OF THOSE AWFUL SEA GHOSTS DID IT!

HMM-FOLKS ARE CERTAINLY FAST TO JUMP AT CONCLUSIONS !!



-AND THERE IS MUCH SILLY TALK OF A GHOST HAVING KILLED CARDER, SIR!

WE MUST TRY TO STOP THAT TALK!

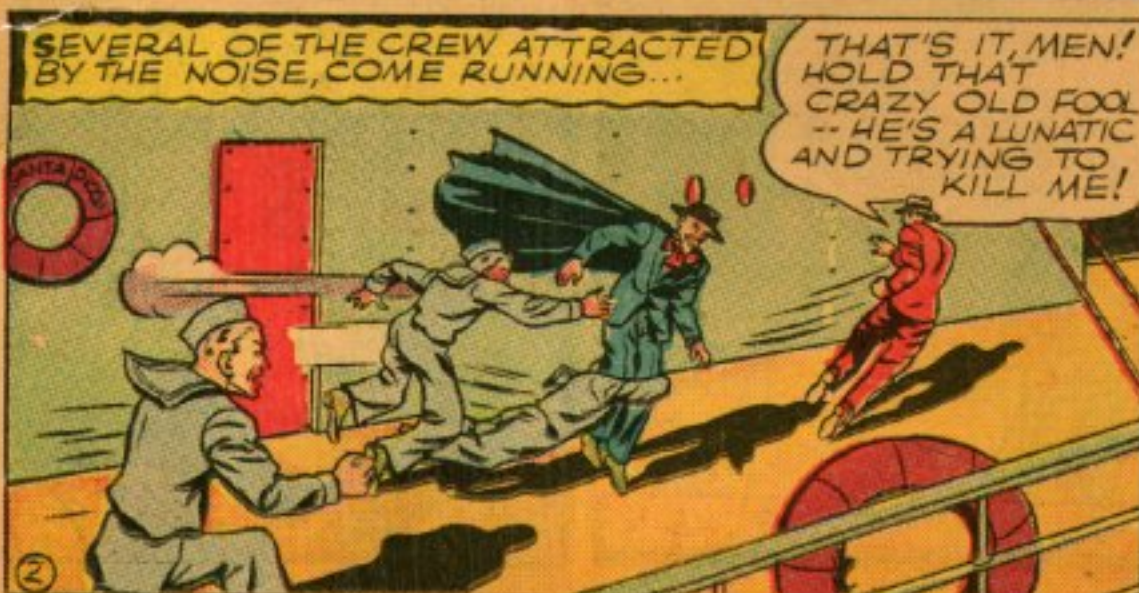
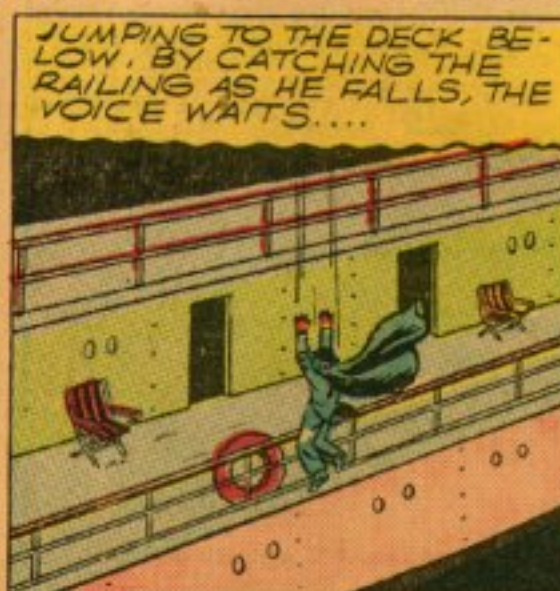
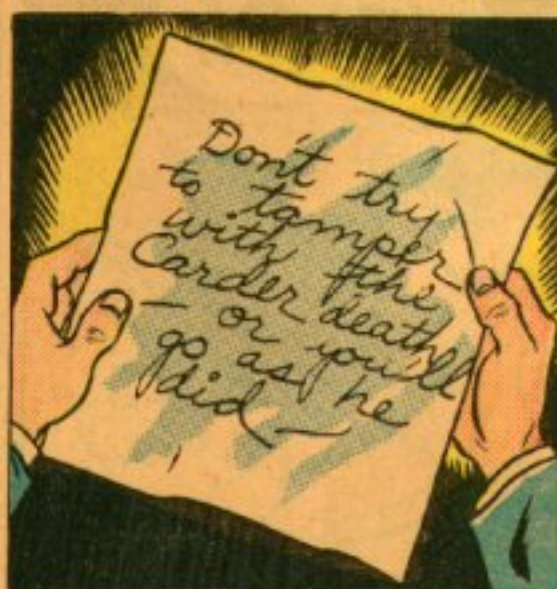


AND IN THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN..

WHAT TOMMYROT! KILLED BY A GHOST--IN THIS DAY AND AGE!

GENTLEMEN, THIS IS THE VOICE--MAYBE I CAN HELP YOU!









Antidote

BY ROBERT
M. HYATT



Darrell entered the room in mortal terror. But he couldn't hedge now. He couldn't let his elder brother, Perry, know that he was frightened; he would laugh at him. Perry had warned him that two weeks' vacation in a "haunted house" might be fraught with dangers—real and imagined.

Darrell had been reluctant to tell Perry about last night. But he'd seen them—the *things*! He shuddered as he crawled into the damp bed and pressed his head against the pillow.

A slight creaking sound made him jump. The moonlight poured through the window. It blanched the bony whiteness of the stretch of dismal swamp that lay between the old house and the woods. It had been out there, that he'd seen *them*.

The house creaked again, hushing the crickets momentarily. The ancient structure was settling into the marsh. Built more than a hundred years, it had an eery history linked with dark crime. It was "haunted," according to everyone in Coldvale, twenty miles across the Everglades. A fine place to spend a vacation!

Darrell buried his head in the pillow once more. The moonlight threw a terrifying pattern across the wall. It was like a face with deep-sunken cheeks; like—

With a stifled cry Darrell rose up on one elbow. His eyes roved the swamp. Yes, they were coming again tonight! They had crept to within a few paces of the house last night. Would they come closer tonight?

He heard them long before he saw them. Soft sucking sounds, like booted feet being withdrawn from thick mud. A sharp clicking came from the sodden air. Then a low whir, like the vibrations of a giant humming bird.

Then they came into view, their fat globular bodies waddling through the ooze—bodies almost bursting from some ghoulish repast.

They halted at the brink of the swamp, their vast ranks seemingly motivated by some telepathic command. Their grotesquely long antennae waved aloft, testing the wind. Then they came on, their horrible eyes, lidless and hate-filled, protruding from conical skulls.

Rank upon rank, their numbers were legion. When one fell, mired in the slough, it was as if a wave of solid darkness swept over him; he was crushed, gone into the deadly mire. There was no stopping to help the ill or weak.

Darrell watched with bulging eyes. His throat felt tight and his heart pounded. He could not scream. The utter fascination of that weird procession gripped him. Would — they — come — closer — tonight? Would they . . .

They weren't halting! They were coming on. They were almost under the window now!

The house creaked, lurched. A piece of wet plaster fell from the ceiling and a huge rat ran squeaking across the floor and out a hole in the corner.

Darrell felt cold sweat beading his forehead. Would the *things* actually enter the house?

A whispering sound came down the hall. It drew nearer. The sound became a roar, filling the old house.

"Perry!" shrieked Darrell. But he knew the cry hadn't passed his lips. It was as if a sheathing of solid ice enclosed him. He couldn't move.

Something was in the room! Darrell couldn't see it but he knew it was there. The door hadn't opened but the *thing* had entered just the same. The odor of death was a cold breath across his nostrils. He tried to scream again but the effort shut his burning throat.

Then a monstrous shadow blotted out the moon. A *shape* had struck against the window screen, clinging there with horrible taloned wings. The chattering of teeth rustled from the creature's dog-like mouth. A

vampire! A ghoulish bat that sucked the blood from corpses! Darrell had read about them. It was there now, its great wings spread across the rusted screen. If it got in . . . ! The screen was fragile . . . vampires attacked in the full moon . . . It must be in league with the—*things*! Guarding the window so he couldn't escape.

With a vicious snap of its jaws, the bat jerked loose and darted off into the steamy swamp. It seemed to be the signal for a host of night things to set up a weird cacophany of sound. A great horned owl moaned across the marsh. A tree toad piped a reedy note. Then a wild dog gave voice to his unearthly cry somewhere in the far distance. His sobbing lament quivered on the air, drawing to a wailing close. Wild dogs roamed in packs through the 'Glades. It was said they attacked men, and the men were never heard of again.

A soft rustling brought Darrell's head around. The presence in the room was not visible, but it was there, and the humming sound in the hall increased.

Darrell's rifle stood in the corner. Why in the world did he feel so shackled? He couldn't move a finger. Only his head and eyes worked. And his brain. That was the power these monsters had over you, Darrell thought. They hypnotized you, then swarmed over you, opening your veins . . .

The 'swamp fire' smoldered across the marsh now, glowing bright in



spots as wisps of wind touched it. The army of *things* was nowhere in sight. They had entered the house. What would they do to Darrell? What was wrong with Pete, their Collie? Perhaps he was dead by now. He had not barked once.

Then it was there, in front of him, filling the room with the shadows of its bloated body. Its antenna waved around. Its disc-like eyes burned into Darrell's. It came a step nearer the bed. Its mouth hung open, tasting the kill already.

A dark blotch crossed the floor. A bottle of poison had purposely been spilled there that afternoon.

The *thing* ventured close to the smoking poison, backed off a pace, then came on again. One of its tentacles shot out and dipped into the lethal liquid. Quickly it raised it to its lips. Again and again the creature dipped into the poison. Why didn't it die? It was immune, of course. Nothing could harm these swamp beasts.

Presently it was joined by one of its mates. Then another. Soon the room was half filled with the monsters. All of them attacked that poison as if it were nectar.

An alligator sounded his coughing bellow deep in the swamp, and the wild dogs answered. They were evidently hot on the trail. Darrell vaguely wondered what kind of a fight a 'gator would put up against a pack of fierce canines. Once he had seen a small bear attack a 'gator. The bear roared and charged, the 'gator lashed out with its powerful tail. It had caught the bear across the body, hurling him ten feet. Stunned, the bear had charged again, only to be knocked sprawling once more. The 'gator had followed up, clamping tremendous jaws across the bear's neck. It had been bruin's end.

What was to be his—Darrell's—end? What would the *things* do after they had finished the poison? They would come for him! They had about consumed the dark liquid and now their enormous eyes were centered on their next victim.

The leader of the pack put a foot forward. Then he was crossing the room, his grotesque mates wobbling after. That humming sound rose again, filling the house with its strange vibrations.

The first of the *things* was at the

bedside now. Darrell felt his covers jerk. He screamed, and this time the sound leaped from his throat in a piercing blast.

A door slammed somewhere in the house. He heard running feet. Then his own door burst open. It seemed to Darrell that the entire house was falling upon him, crushing him under its ancient beams...

Something was shaking his shoulder, a voice sounded far off:

"Great Scot! It worked. Boy, that stuff is tops!"

It seemed that the sun was streaming into the room. There was Perry, grinning. He was holding a bottle in his hand—the bottle that had contained the poison.

"W-where are they?" Darrell got out.

"Dead!" Perry Scott exclaimed. "They won't bother us again. Maybe we can eat in peace after this."

Perry placed the empty bottle on the window sill. Its label was marked ANTIPASTE.

"THE CURSE OF QUETZAL"
A SPEEDY PERRY SCOTT YARN
IN THE NOVEMBER ISSUE
OF FEATURE COMICS ON SALE
SEPT. 25TH

WATCH THE GANG GO GOGGLE-EYED

WHEN YOU ZIP BY
ON YOUR NEW
COLUMBIA!



What a bike the new Columbia is! Got everything you want... brilliant, flashing colors, that zooming motorcycle look, streamlined tank, deeper, wider fenders, gleaming white sidewall tires and a husky, racy frame that's built to last and give real he-man service. With a Columbia, you're 'way ahead of the crowd—every time. It takes you places faster and is much easier pedaling. And incidentally, school's a thrill when you can get there on time and in style with a Columbia. Tell that to Dad when the two of you visit the dealer to inspect the new models. Write today for your FREE copy of Booklet B, "How to Care for Your Bike," to

THE WESTFIELD MANUFACTURING CO., WESTFIELD, MASS.

Look for this name plate. It identifies a Genuine Columbia



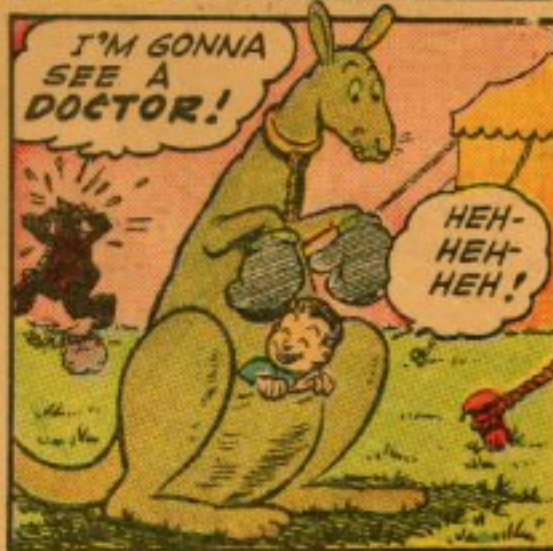
Columbia

AMERICA'S FIRST BICYCLE
FIRST IN 1877 FIRST IN 1940

BIG TOP

WHERE'S THAT DAWGONE MIDGET?

I'M GONNA
KICK HIM OFF
THE LOT!



BIG TOP



HEY BUTCH!



HEY, BUTCH - GET THE HOSE AND PUT SOME WATER IN THE TANK FOR THE HIGH DIVING ACT!

OKAY



HEY, BUTCH, DO THIS - HEY BUTCH, DO THAT - AND I THOUGHT BEING A CIRCUS CLOWN WAS GONNA BE FUN!



OVER HERE! OVER HERE! LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!



SONIA, THE TATTOOED LADY - THE LIVING AND BREATHING ART GALLERY!



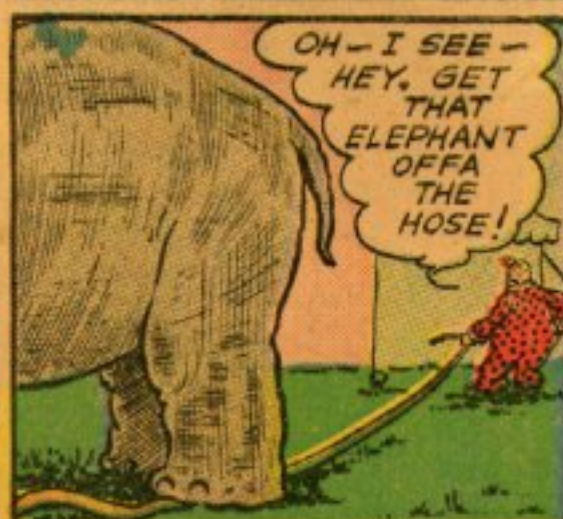
...COMPLETELY COVERED WITH WORKS OF ART FROM HEAD TO FOOT - THINK OF THE PAIN ENDURED BY THIS LITTLE LADY...



...TO HAVE THESE PICTURES TATTOOED - PICTURES THAT SHE WILL CARRY THROUGH HER ENTIRE LIFE...



HUH - NO WATER? WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS HOSE?



OH - I SEE - HEY, GET THAT ELEPHANT OFFA THE HOSE!



THOSE ANIMAL TRAINERS DON'T CARE WHERE THEY PARK THEM PACHYDERMS!



HEY! LOOK OUT WITH THAT HOSE



HER PICTURES WASHED OFF!

RUN 'EM OUTA TOWN!

HEY RUBE!



GOSH! AIN'T SHE EVER GONNA QUIT LOOKING FOR ME?



UNDER THE BLISTERING RAYS OF A TROPICAL SUN A BOAT DRIFTS AIMLESSLY..



AND LOLLING ON A DISTANT WHARF, DUSTY DANE AND BIG MIKE CARDIGAN SPY THE BOBBING OBJECT.. MIKE JUMPS TO HIS FEET...



DUSTY! LOOK! IS THAT A BOAT?

IT IS! AND THERE'S SOMEONE IN IT!



COME ON, MIKE! LET'S SWIM OUT TO IT!



CLEAVING THE WATER WITH LONG, POWERFUL STROKES THEY SOON REACH THE BOAT...



HEY! IT'S A GIRL!

SHE'S IN BAD SHAPE TOO!

OH! I... I... SICK...

EXPOSURE! TOO MUCH SUN AND NOT ENOUGH WATER!



YOU'LL BE OKAY, SISTER!

SUDDENLY A HIGH POWERED CRUISER BREAKS THROUGH THE WAVES..



SHOTS! THAT CABIN BOAT.. THEY'RE SHOOTING AT US!



IT'S DIMITRI! HE COME BACK!



GET DOWN-AND HAND ME THAT RIFLE! START ROWING, MIKE!



DUSTY PEPPERS THE ON-
COMING BOAT WITH LEAD..

HA! THIS
OUGHTA STOP
'EM!



DIMITRI..HE
PEARL THIEF! HE
KILL MY FATHER
AND SINK HIS BOAT...
BUT I ESCAPE! NOW HE
AFTER ME TO LEARN
WHERE PEARLS ARE
HIDDEN ON
SUNKEN
BOAT!



KEEP GOING, MIKE..
WE'RE ALMOST TO
THE BEACH.. I'LL
HOLD THEM OFF!



MIKE, WE HAVE A
JOB.. LOOK UP VAN
JORN.. I'LL GET
SOME DIVING
EQUIPMENT... WE'RE
GOING PEARL
HUNTING!

RIGHT!



WE'RE SAFE
NOW! I THINK
YOU BETTER
DO A LITTLE
EXPLAINING!

YEAH..WHO
IS THIS
DIMITRI?
IT LOOKS
LIKE
YOU'RE
BEING PUT
ON THE SPOT!



YEAH! SOUNDS LIKE A
GOOD PROPOSITION..IF WE
RECOVER THE PEARLS FOR
THE GIRL IT'LL MEAN A
GOOD PIECE OF COIN
FOR ALL OF
US!

SWELL!
WE'LL
SAIL AT
THE TIDE!



NEXT DAY.. WITH A
GOOD BREEZE THE BARK
"FALCON" HEADS OUT TO
SEA...

MY FATHER'S
SCHOONER WAS SUNK
DUE SOUTH OF
TALULA
POINT!

TALULA
POINT

WE'LL
REACH THE
POINT BY
EARLY DAWN.
AND START
DIVING AT
ONCE!



WE'LL START CLOSE
TO SHORE AND
WORK OUT UNTIL
WE FIND THE SHIP..
GOOD LUCK,
DUSTY!



MUD! I HOPE SHE
HASN'T SETTLED TOO
DEEP.. THAT SHADOW
HAS THE LOOKS
OF A SHIP...



THAT'S
IT!



HOORAY!

HE FOUND
IT! HE'S
SIGNALING
TO MOVE
AHEAD A
HUNDRED
YARDS!





LOOK! HERE COMES ANOTHER SHIP!

IT'S DIMITRI!



TROUBLE! HOLD ON, DUSTY!



BELOW..DUSTY ENTERS THE MURKY BLACKNESS OF THE SCHOONER'S WHEELHOUSE..

THE GIRL SAID THE PEARLS WERE HIDDEN IN THE BASE OF THE BINNACLE LAMP!



CRASHING OFF THE BINNACLE LAMP HE FINDS A HEAVY CASK...

THE PEARLS!



SILENTLY A DREADED FORM GLIDES ACROSS THE CRAZILY SLOPING DECK...

AN OCTOPUS!



WHATEVER TROUBLE MIKE HAS ABOVE CAN'T BE ANY WORSE THAN THIS!



IF...I... CAN ONLY... REACH MY... KNIFE!



DUSTY SUCCEEDS

..HIS LUNGING KNIFE AT LAST FINDS A VITAL SPOT!



HELLO! PULL ME UP, MIKE.. I HAVE A PRESENT FOR YOU!



BUT UNKNOWN TO DUSTY, DIMITRI'S MEN HAVE CAPTURED THE FALCON...

HEY, BOSS! THEIR DIVER WANTS T'COME UP!

PULL HEEM UP, FOOL! !!

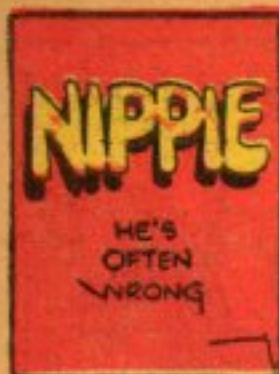
REACHING THE DECK, DUSTY'S HELMET IS REMOVED AND A GUN IS THRUST IN HIS FACE!



WHAT'S THIS?

I WEELTAK! THE PEARLS, MY FRAND!





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

CAREFUL YOU DON'T
FALL IN WHILE
YOU'RE LOOKING
FOR THE BALL,
NIPPIE!

AW-
I
WON'T
!!



MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



NIPPIE

HE'S
OFTEN
WRONG

YOU SHOULD
HAVE A HAT
ON, NIPPIE...
THIS SUN'S
HOT!

AW—THE
SUN DON'T
BOTHER ME!
I'M USE TO
HEAT!



POOR KID— HE
NEARLY HAD A
SUNSTROKE! HE
NEEDS A HAT!



MICKEY FINN

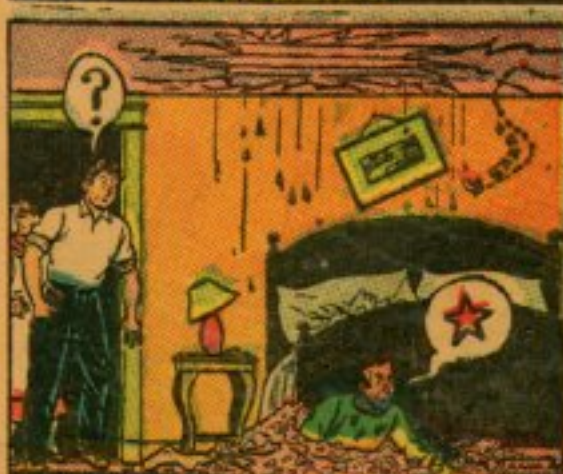
By LANK LEONARD





MICKEY FINN

By LANK LEONARD



Order your copy of the November issue of FEATURE COMICS now.

SAMAR



By
John
Charles

SAMAR, MYSTERIOUS WHITE MAN OF THE JUNGLE, IS CAPTURED BY AMAZON WARRIOR WOMEN... HE THWARTS AN ATTACK BY FIERCE NUBIAN INVADERS AND RESTORES AN EMPIRE TO ITS RIGHTFUL RULERS.

SAMAR WANDERS FAR AFIELD THROUGH FORBIDDING, BARREN COUNTRY.



EMERGING FROM THE WEIRD PASS, HE COMES UPON A VALLEY OF TROPICAL SPLendor.



HE IS ABOUT TO DIP IN A COOL INVITING POOL, WHEN...



NO! NO!
DON'T JUMP!
YOU WILL BE
CAUGHT AS
I AM!



QUICKSAND, EH?
I THINK I CAN
FREE YOU!



SEIZING AN OVERHANGING VINE, SAMAR SWINGS OUT OVER THE TREACHEROUS WATERS.



AND WITH TERRIFIC STRENGTH GRABS THE IMPRISONED MAN FROM THE POOL OF DEATH.



SAMAR SWINGS SAFELY BACK TO SHORE WITH HIS BURDEN.



I AM GAOL, HUSBAND OF LEBBA, OF THE AMAZON WARRIORS, WHO RULE US MEN!



I TRIED TO ESCAPE, BUT THERE IS NO WAY OUT OF THIS VALLEY! EVEN NOW, LEBBA AND HER WOMEN ARE HUNTING ME!



AT THAT MOMENT, A SCORE OF BEAUTIFUL, ARMOR-CLAD WOMEN LEAP INTO VIEW.



GAOL! YOU WILL BE PUNISHED! AS FOR THE GIANT STRANGER, HE WILL MAKE ONE OF US A FINE MATE!



SAMAR, REFUSING TO FIGHT WOMEN WARRIORS, PERMITS HIMSELF TO BE CAPTURED.



THEY ARE LED OFF INTO THE JUNGLE.



THE PROUD LEBBA IS MARCHING AHEAD OF THE PARTY, WHEN...



A HUGE BOA CONSTRICTOR DROPS FROM AN OVERHANGING BRANCH...



SAMAR RUSHES TO THE GIRL'S AID.



SPREADING THE REPTILE'S COILS
HE FREES LEBE.



GRABBING LEBE'S DAGGER, HE
RUNS IT THROUGH THE SNAKE'S
BRAIN..



THEY RESUME THEIR MARCH
TOWARDS THE CITY



THANK YOU! AS
YOUR REWARD,
YOU SHALL BE
MY HUSBAND!

THIS IS NESBO,
CITY OF THE
AMAZONS!



SAMAR IS LED TO THE PALACE OF
QUEEN SOPHO OF NESBO.



THE RUNAWAY
GAOL, QUEEN,
AND ANOTHER
WE CAPTURED!

THE TALL ONE IS
HANDSOME.. I
SHALL HAVE
HIM FOR MY
HUSBAND!

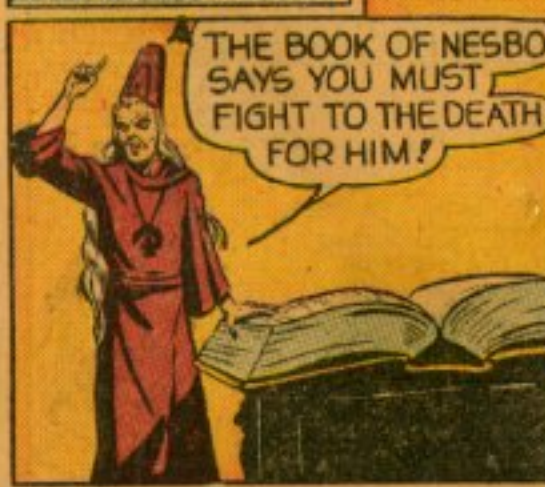


BY LAW, SOPHO... HE IS MINE.
I CAPTURED HIM!



WE SHALL
LET ISHTA
DECIDE THAT!

A VENERABLE OLD WOMAN
STEPS FORWARD.



THE BOOK OF NESBO
SAYS YOU MUST
FIGHT TO THE DEATH
FOR HIM!

IN A HUGE ARENA THE TWO
WOMEN PREPARE TO BATTLE
FOR SAMAR'S HAND.



I CAN'T LET THEM
KILL EACH OTHER!

STOP! IT IS USELESS
TO FIGHT.. I WANT
NEITHER OF
YOU!



YOUR WISHES DO NOT MATTER
..GUARDS! BIND HIM, SO THAT
WE MAY CONTINUE!



SAMAR BOWLS OVER THE
GUARDS AND RACES DOWN
A CORRIDOR



ONLY MY ESCAPE
WILL END THIS
QUARREL!



HIS BENEFACTOR LEADS HIM THROUGH LONG, WINDING LABYRINTHS.



THEY ENTER A HUGE CAVE...



WHILE IN SOPHO'S THRONE ROOM.



DAYS LATER...



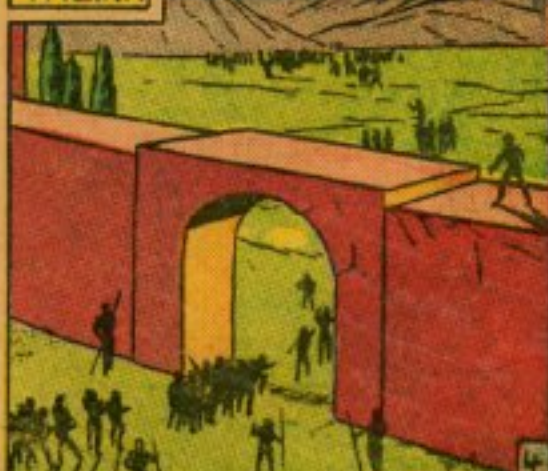
FROM HIGH ABOVE, A HORDE OF GIANT NUBIANS NEARS NESBO.



THE ATTACKING BLACKS POUR DOWN FROM THE HILLS.



SOPHO'S AMAZONS SWARM FROM THE CITY TO REPULSE THEM.



GREATLY OUTNUMBERED, THE AMAZONS ARE BEATEN BACK BY THE FIERCE NUBIANS.



THE SAVAGES SWEEP ON INTO THE CITY.



SOPHO BATTLES THE BLACKS VALIANTLY, WHEN...



SAMAR AND THE MEN OF NESBO RUSH INTO THE FRAY.



SAMAR SAVES SOPHO FROM A NUBIAN CHIEF'S ATTACK.



FINALLY THE INVADERS ARE DEFEATED.



I THINK I HAVE PROVEN THAT YOUR MEN ARE SUPERIOR WARRIORS, QUEEN!



HENCEFORTH, LET THEM TEND TO THE FIGHTING. AND YOU AND NYLO RULE TOGETHER!



THE NEXT DAY A RADICAL CHANGE COMES OVER THE WARRIOR WOMEN.

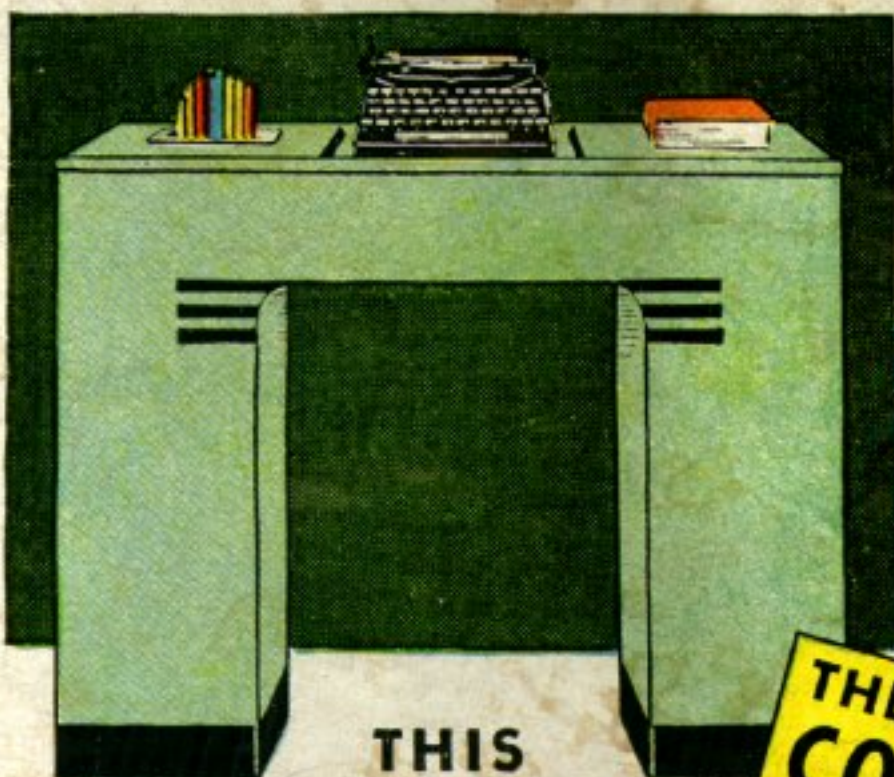


THAT NIGHT IN NESBO'S HUGE BANQUET HALL...



SAMAR BIDS FAREWELL TO NYLO AND SOPHO.





ACT NOW!

ON THIS BARGAIN
OFFER.

**THIS
BEAUTIFUL
DESK** FOR ONLY **\$1.00**

WITH ANY

REMINGTON PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

A beautiful desk in a neutral blue-green—trimmed in black and silver—made of sturdy fibre board—now available for only one dollar (\$1.00) to purchasers of a Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable Typewriter. The desk is so light that it can be moved anywhere without trouble. It will hold six hundred (600) pounds. This combination gives you a miniature office at home. Mail the coupon today.

**THESE EXTRAS FOR YOU
LEARN TYPING FREE**

To help you even further, you get Free with this special offer a 24-page booklet, prepared by experts, to teach you quickly how to typewrite by the touch method. When you buy a Noiseless you get this free Remington Rand gift that increases the pleasure of using your Remington-Deluxe Noiseless Portable. Remember, the touch typing book is sent Free while this offer holds.

SPECIAL CARRYING CASE

The Remington Deluxe Noiseless Portable is light in weight, easily carried about. With this offer Remington supplies a beautiful carrying case sturdily built of grey wood bound with a special Dupont Fabric.

SPECIFICATIONS

ALL ESSENTIAL FEATURES of large standard office machines appear in the Noiseless Deluxe Portable—standard 4-row keyboard; back spacer; margin stops and margin release; double shift key; two color ribbon and automatic reverse; variable line spacer; paper fingers; makes as many as seven carbons; takes paper 9.5" wide; writes lines 8.2" wide; black key cards and white letters, rubber cushioned feet.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.

**THE
COMBINATION
FOR AS LITTLE AS 10c A DAY**
How easy it is to pay for this combination. Just imagine! A small good will deposit and terms as low as 10c a day to get this combination at once. You will never miss 10c a day. Become immediately the possessor of this combination. You assume no obligation by sending the coupon.



SEND COUPON

NOW!

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 190-10
445 Washington St., Buffalo, N. Y.

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Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

READY

THE SENSATIONAL NEW DAISY

1000-SHOT

RED RYDER

LICENSED BY STEPHEN SLESINGER, INC., NEW YORK

cowboy
CARBINE

MY BRAND
ON STOCK!

"Looks just like a real Cowboy Carbine. That's why I'm proud to have my name on 'face' branded on th' stock!"—RED RYDER

16 INCH LEATHER
SADDLE THONG!

"You can hang my carbine on your wall like this . . . or lash it to your bike. Thong comes attached to Carbine Ring at no extra cost, Podner!

WESTERN
CARBINE
RING!

"It's real article, boys! For ridin' the range, I slip a stout 3 foot cord thru th' Ring and tie the other end to my saddle-horn, so she can't fall clear to th' ground if she slides onto my saddle holster or gets knocked from my hands by a bu'er!

SOME SIGHTS!

"It's a Humdinger, Fellers! Raise th' Adjustable Double-Notch Rear Sight for long range—lower it for short. Aim thru small notch for target work . . . large notch for snap-shooting. And say! Daisy made th' Front Sight GOLDEN-COLORED to remind yuh of th' Golden West!"

GOLDEN-
BANDED
BARREL!

"These glittery golden-colored bands 'round th' muzzle on' fore-piece look mighty pretty . . . kinda like th' real gold I used to prospect for out West. You'll be proud of 'em!"

CARBINE
STYLE FORE-PIECE!

"Grab this husky, semi-curved, full length hand-hold . . . it's good just 'snugs' into your hand and holds the Carbine steady as a rock!"

LIGHTNING-LOADER
INVENTION!

"Twist th' magazine—pour in 1000 shot in 20 seconds—then shoot 1000 times without re-loading once!"

Follow RED RYDER
—NEA sensational
comic strip feature
—in YOUR daily,
Sunday paper.

Look—buy—and shoot this beautiful new Golden Banded COWBOY Carbine . . . first 1000-Shot repeater, Lightning-Loader air rifle Daisy history! Same style of carbine cowboys carry on their saddles out West and in the Western Movies. Authentic Carbine Ring with 16 inch Leather Saddle Thong attached! Carbine named after RED RYDER, America's favorite comic strip cowboy . . . that red-headed "Red Hood of the Golden West." Read NOW each marvelous new RED RYDER CARBINE feature, then get yours at your Dealer. Only \$2.95! If he is sold out (or no Daisy Dealer near you) send us \$2.95 — we'll rush your 1000-Shot RED RYDER CARBINE postpaid! Hurry.

IT'S REALLY YOURS
for only **\$2.95**

\$2.50

The Popular 500 SHOT LIGHTNING-LOADER CARBINE

Daisy's original 500-shot Carbine, featuring Lightning-Loader invention and Adjustable DOUBLE-NOTCH REAR SIGHT. GET THIS 500-SHOT beauty for \$2.50 at Dealers or direct . . . (Duty added in Canada.)



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Buy genuine Daisy-made "Chrome-Shell" steel Bulls Eye Shot — for accurate shooting in Daisy and King Air Rifles. It's BEST. At your Dealers.

Big JUMBO TUBE—**5¢**

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